The CHATTERBOX

April 20, 1969 U.C.H.A. Issue Number Three

Chancellor Young

vs.

Mike Balter

SEE PAGE 2.

WANTED: A NEW CHATTERBOX EDITOR.

With this issue I quit as Chatterbox editor. Anyone, on or off the staff, is now eligible to take the job. Appointment will be made by the Board of Directors. -- Frank Coffman

THE CHATTERBOX, April 20, 1969. Printed out weekly by a select elite of unsupervised Co-op freaks and intellectuals.

CO-OP NEWS & VIEWS

No Political Suspensions: Co-oper Mike Balter was threatened with suspension by the administration for failing to comply with his "contract." The "contract" (made necessary by two incompletes) required in the fine print that Mike engage in no extra-curricular activities. Mike made up the incompletes, but the administration thought they could quietly dump him -- he was (and is) an active member of SDS and PL (Progressive Labor Party). They were wrong. About 300 students -- many of them Co-opers -- peacefully and orderly gathered in the Administration last Monday to demand an end to political suspensions, "pigs off campus," and an extension of the free speech areas on campus. Young farted around but Balter did receive his reg packet. He still has to face "disciplinary action" for his use last quarter of "illegal" sound speaker equipment at an SDS rally last quarter -- the ostensible "violation" of his contract.

THE STAFF:
Editor: Frank Coffman
Cause Célèbre: Mike Balter
Obscurantist: Jeff Klahn
Proletarian: Dick Lundstedt
Elitist: Mike W. Morrissey
Troglodyte: Paul Strop
Novus Homo: Bill Irwin
G. Rossness: ?

"Police Agent": One of the two well-known Co-op rightist was unmasked -- much to his chagrin -- as a police informer Monday. When he heard some SDS fellows last Sunday begin to discuss their tactics for Monday, thoughts of violence entered his mind. He had the civic conscience to quickly report this to the police and in the process implicated Mike Swartz by name. It seems Mike was there typing up a letter and neither supported their plan nor took part. Mike is well known for his anti-violence views and didn't especially like to be verbally connected with violence -- least of all on a police file. The adolescent agent's "cover" was blown by one of his non-rightist roomates who didn't like this unfair implication of Swartz and wanted the would-be agent to be more careful in the future since he had indicated a desire to get other Co-op leftists in a similar manner. The third roomate (another rightist and a camera freak) has been busy photographing every radical gathering and rally available. This is also suspicious.

I am refraining from exposing these two by name out of a concern for self-preservation -- mine, not theirs -- since I know how such people react when they see their names in print. If you have any reason to not want your name in a police file I would advise you to ask around, their names are no secret. Since these two paranoids think that the SDS is now out to "assassinate" them, I would advise all co-opers to be careful in dealing with them. Good luck.

Body Contact: Max Sherman was physcially thrown out of his room (S-18) Tuesday night by his two roommates, Chris Reid and John Fickewirth. He will move back into the Co-op when there is a vacancy in another room. It is reported that Reid is planning to buy a shotgun.

-- Richard Lundstedt

I AM RESURRECTED

Bill Irwin

After a long imposed silence, Iam resurrected. And I wish at this, my first opportunity, to reply to an article by Mr. Jeffery Klahn printed two issues ago. In this article Mr. Klahn, after several characteristically obscure paragraphs, concludes by proclaiming that in the Co-op heirarchy he is an "ollamh" that is, a great scholar and teacher" a "well of learning and a master of arbitration/concerning verse" (an arbiter of masturbation I could have accepted but as it stands it's a little hard to swallow)

Iam perfectly willing to allow Mr. Klahn his harmless little self gratification but in this article he goes on to say " I am equal to Schneidman and Mohr and far above that poetical pederast and rank bard Bill Irwin." WEll I was at first flattered to have him call me a bard of rank and it was not until I looked up "pederast" that I realized Mr. Klahn was not being entirely friendly.

You have made an enemy Mr. Klahn. Ididn't mind you imitating me (no one wrote limericks in the Chatterbox until Idid it one time because it seemed easier than writing an article). But you have overstepped yourself, sir, and you will be sorry.

Ipropose to demonstrate my immeasurable poetic superiorit by declaring limerical war on Mr. Klahn. It is perhaps overreaction on my part (he is so helpless in the face of my pen's poisen might) but there are some things a man cannot do. (I mean a guy has to be pretty perverted even to know what pederast means)

Mr. Klahn I can smear your reputation:
Klahn is physically geared,
Toward the sexually erotic and wierd.
He freely simulates
To please his roomates
Which explains the sperm in his beard

I can deflate your sexual fantasies which you shared with us in your attempts at Byronesque:
Jeff sees himself a Don Juan,
When in fact he is only a Klahn.
To hide the fact,
He must act
Like a Romeo to put us all on.

Ican belittle your sexual prowess:
Klahn said to a young thing named Jan,
"I'll open my fly wide as I can."
Which made the girl shout
"Oh let it all hang out
Replied Jeff indignantly "I am!"

And in fact I can point up your general ridiclousness:
Klahn is just trying to dupe us,
With all his egomaniacal hooplahs
Says there's an equal' s rapport
Between he, Schneidman and Mohr
When he's really no match for Tupas.

✓ **Mr. Klahn deigns to reply; young Bill is put in his place.**

Irwin put his brain on the rack,
But all he could get was "Quack quack."
If he learned his farts
Were all his best parts,
He would resign to being a hack.

Further:

A tyro attacked his superior
From motives both low and ulterior.
To compound his crime
He screwed up his rhyme,
Used a syllable count inferior.

And in parting, young fellow, your third bit of doggerel is blatant prevarication, for in reference to the parenthetic statement in your first paragraph, as I stand you would find it impossible in the extreme to swallow, even were I to let you try; but you are too far beneath me for me to allow it.

-- Jeff Klahn

ADVANTAGES OF NATIONAL SERVICE WITH THE U.S.A.

1. The finest lavatories in the world.
2. Companionship with tested war dogs.
3. Teaches advanced hunting techniques in the field.
4. The American servicewoman in an expert in cooking pork and beans in the Boston manner.
5. Test American foreign policy at first hand.
6. Try out your own attachments on experimental equipment.
7. No union dues.
8. Personal delivery of foreign newspapers each morning
9. Part-time work in officer's clubs.
10. Preference in acquiring high-school pen pals.
11. First choice in adopting picturesque war orphans.
12. Experience in foreign exchange for dollars.
13. Cost price for stamp collectors.
14. Contract covers paid vacations.
15. Meet travelogue producers with their stars.
16. Send home anthropology specimens duty free.
17. An ex-service man is eligible for exclusive memberships.
18. On the job training in producing war surplus.
19. Red Cross sends you Christmas cookies.

-- John Montgomery

The Limerick(terminated)
by G. Rossness

I am finishing off my treatise on the limerick as a social dise...oops, device in the Co-op this week, as I am now satisfied that I have done it justice in establishing it as an art form. It is also evident--as has been frequently illustrated in the Chatterbox's pages--that most people have settled any problems in crafting an appropriate limerick for any occasion. It has also been pointed out to me how incongruous(dare I say unseemly?) it is that a C-box staffer of my pubi..public, dammit(hang the typographer)and poetic rank should be so engrossed(heh heh) with one lowly subject. More or less like Bridget Bardot with an anal fixation. This, though a just simile*, is really no objection, as both the limerick and the anus fulfill the humble and necessary office of moving noxious and odious by-products, but get little praise for it. For precisely that reason I set out to exonerate the limerick. Maybe in a later Chatterbox I will see to its corporal counterpart. I may be the first person ever to get a combined honorary degree in social rights and proctology!

Be assured that when I fulfill this latter project, you will not be regaled with so many specific examples as you have in this dissertation on the limerick. I certainly will not go too deeply into the subject; I think that, indeed, a quite abstract and, shall we say, elevated treatment will do. Possibly a probing of the experience among Co-opers in this area will give enough oral(i.e., "word-of-mouth") documentation of anal activity to frame the thesis, although it will probably tend a bit to the aberrant fringes.

Before I leave the limerick, however, I would like to show this evidence of the fruit of my endeavours; it is a sample of how true co-operative education can grow and flourish, and I would suggest that the Co-op lounge be modified to facilitate future seminars along these lines:

"There once was a girl from Kories
Who liked to write gross stories.
She submitted[1] to
The Chatterbox crew
And consequently was kicked out of the house;
she now resides with Klahn, taking private
limerick lessons and writing potpourries.

--the girl from Kories"

Honest to God, that's who wrote it. My response(literary, ah-hem) was, of course, instantaneous:

(next page, stupid):

*simile: just a dumpy little metaphor whose only distinction is having "like" as its conjunction to the main phrase; another trick by English profs to trip you up.

[1] stories, Goddammit; don't get ideas.

Limericks and other crap(cont.)

It seems all the ladies have gone
Quite ape over Co-oper Klahm.
For his fame has spread
Whereever he's read,
And he tutors from dark to dawn.

I have now laid the limerick, like so many other things, to rest, at least as a formal subject. Anyhow, speaking of subjects, we have to have a short change of it here. Editor Coffman has decided that the C-box, in its original form of providing simple humor and entertainment for us bleating masses, was turning into a bourgeois opiate, and one-handed(he's a shiddy typer) he, with the help of that shadow-radical, Philip Larson(what evil lurks in the heart of R. Nixon? Only P.L. knows!)has been "educating" us in these pages. To encourage Frank a bit, I'd like to do my bit by reporting an advance in the social responsibility of one of our oldest and most entrenched professions:

A Co-oper, trying to get laid,
Sought out the professional trade.
He found it with ease,
And got a disease,
But was refunded all he paid.

Speaking of education, now that the Co-op Latin American course is off the ground, I hope the one on Co-operativism will get started soon. Might I suggest

Our serious educational line
Should teach "Co-ops" in a one-ninety-nine.
They will study roaches,
Indecent approaches,
And evasion of parking fines.

This format is, I think, an especially good idea, as we have local experts in all of these subjects here in the Co-op, and thus we can promote the co-operative educational spirit by being it 100%--teachers, facilities, students, subjects--and we could have such swinging labs! Especially when we offer an interdisciplinary course in roaches and approaches(look past the rhyme for the meaning, schmuck).

A LIMERICK PROMPTED BY THE S.F. PRESIDIO TRIALS

The powers-who-think-that-they-are
Have set up a new chamber("Star").
Before it is through
This strange kangaroo
May leap, 'ere it looks, too far.

FREDDIE MADSEN--NEW CO-OPER.

--PAUL STROP

Dear Cousin Elmo;

I'm finally getting sttled down here in my new place at school. It's called a co-op. The guys here are just great. Gosh, you couldn't meet a better bunch of guys anywhere. The buildings aren't very modern, but the friendly poeple here make up for it. As mom always said, "It take a lot of customers to make a home a house." Even though mom always got it turned around like that, I now know that she was right.

One really groovy guy around here used to be president or something. He's got a cute little beard--one of the last of the avant garde Victorians, I guess.

We even have guys here to watch over us so we don't go wrong. It's really groovy; the Righteous-Left committee of the Cell Criticism--Self-Criticism, high in their tower on the second floor of Robison look down upon the bleating masses (that's what they call all the guys) and with sighs of maternal love, they guide and comfort us with quotes in their very own newspaper. It makes me feel so warm inside like when they sing the Good Shepherd Hymn on Sundays or when they used to sing the Star-Spangled banner at the high school basketball games.

Another guy here uses big, long words like "ejaculatorification" Gosh, I don't even know what it means. You sure got to hand it to the foreign students for learning English so well.

Some guys have their own co-op store, where 50¢ will buy six candy bars, 2 boxes of cigars or one prophylactic (They're something like balloons and the guys fill them up with water and throw them at the frat houses--seems kind of expensive though).

Another guy here knows all about computers. He claims he can get you the perfect date with a computer. Can't you just imagine, Elmo, having a date with a computer.

But of all the guys my three roommates are the grooviest. They let me go out with them on double dates and everything. I thought at first it was just because I had a new car and they didn't. But now I understand it's because it's the co-operative thing to do. They even showed me how to get a girl krocked so you can start having a good time with her.

Next Saturday they got me a date with a real beautiful girl. I never saw her yet, but they said she used to come around the co-op a lot and all the guys were crazy about her. Boy, that's sure exciting, huh?

The best thing about the co-op is that everyone pitches in and does his share of work. Sometimes you have to work in the kitchen with the cook. He's really a nice guy. Sometimes if you don't do the work like he wants, he tries to stab you with a butcher knife. But I think he's just kidding; he's a lot of fun.

I was going to live in the dorm before but I'm sure glad I didn't. No one cares about you there, but here I even get to take phone messages for the guys on my floor.

This is sure a lot better than the last place I was at. They don't have any bars on the windows here and the beds are even soft.

I hope you find time at the reform school to drop me a line or so.

Your cousin,

Freddie

A NEW FORM OF RACISM

John M. Fickewirth

There is a new form of racism which is being expounded in America, and it can be labeled the "argument from guilt." This concept states that one must be held accountable for the sins of one's ancestors.

To illustrate this argument, think how you would react if creditors of a long dead ancestor came to you and demanded that you, as his descendent, must take the responsibility for his financial misconduct. You would immediately react by stating that you had nothing to do with his actions, and that if you are to be judged it must be upon your actions alone. But to take this argument to the level of its expression today, add that all you had in common with the man whose bills you are being asked to pay is the color of your respective skins.

The type of "justice" being expressed here is tribal "justice." Tribal "justice" rests upon the premise that men are not individuals with minds and volition, but simply members of a racial collective. According to this argument the racial collective, not the individual, is the entity to be dealt with.

Such is the nature of the argument being proposed in America in general, and at U.C.L.A. in particular, by spokesmen for the so-called "black revolution." They contend that because their ancestors were once held as slaves by Caucasians, they deserve preferential treatment at the expense of others. These individuals do not believe that progress in race relations is color blindness and equal treatment for all, but color consciousness and preferential treatment for some. They fail to realize that when someone is discriminated FOR on account of his race others must necessarily be discriminated AGAINST on account of theirs. But, this to them is "justice."

I can conceivably see how some studnets might set forth these ideas, for this can be ascribed to a lack of maturity; but it is hard for me to conceive, let alone justify, how certain U.C.L.A. faculty members can seriously hold and expound such ideas.

THE DEATH OF A CULTURE HERO, being a record review, by David Shneidman.

Howdee there, friends 'n neighbors, Bob Dylan, the singing cracker, has discovered that he can be just like the intellectual calibre of the heartlands of America--mediorce. The voice who stirred to emotional fervor the liberal "decent" establishment with "Blowin' in the Wind," the poet who developed into the apocalyptic visionary of plastic fantastic America with "The Memphis Blues," "It's all Right, Ma", and "Desolation Row," the genius who with his brillant mannered obscurity gave the world his ellipical enigmatic visions of the flux of existence, of love, hate and death, has finally, in his new album Nashville Skyline, been welcomed into the fold of conventionality, by the literary herald of bathos of our time, Time. They like him. And well they might, for in the words of KFOX, the southland's only truly full-time Okie radio station, "Dylan is gone country-western, and it's real wholesome, folks." In a word, the man has cut a simple album about country rutting and a-snorting and the like, a disc that says nothing that Dinah Shore hasn't, in lyrics for which a sophisticated chimp would trade his sagittal crest. At the same time, Dylan finally has proven that he can sing, and more's the pity. Samuel Johnson compared a woman minister to a walking dog--the wonder isn't that either is any good, but that they try it at all.

Gone is the gravel croak, in its place is a country soprano.

Gone also (alas) is the wonderful ambiguity and texture of strange marvel of stanzas like

> Shakespeare, He's in the alley, with his pointed toes and his bells
> Talking to some French girl, who says she knows me well.
> And I would send a message, to find out if she's taught,
> But the post office has been stolen, and the mail box is locked.

In its place are eight new songs about the simple, carnal life. The scene has shifted from the Wasteland to someplace where nothing too disturbing ever happens, like Utah. The lines sing with all the beauty and majesty of a country brass spittoon:

> What ever colors you have in your mind
> I'll show them to you and you'll see them shine.

Or

> One more night; the moon is shining bright
> And the wind blows high upon the tree.
> And I miss my darling so
> I didn't mean for her to go,
> But tonight, no light will shine on me.

It would be unfair to end on this note. The songs are pleasent to listen to, if pablum is what you like, and I am told that these songs were writen down impromteau by Dylan in the studio and recorded on the first or second take. So here we have songs recorded and fixed in the first flush of enthusiam and creative burst and fun. I admit that as an off the cuff gesture, the record is a tour de force, but in the end, this is really self-defeating: given the achievements of Dylan, who wants to listen to his potential?

PERVERSE IS NOT THE WORD
BY Michael Morrissey

LA PRISONNIERE

Not long ago, I saw a film by Henri-Georges Clouzot, called Diabolique, a frightening and rather strange tale of an unsuccessful murder plot, a film with all sorts of murky suggestions of mental derangement, strange desires and pleasures. In that film,the director seemed interested only in exploiting his perverse, gruesome material, in order to shock, frighten, and ultimately sicken his audience. What a delight, therefore, to find that his latest film, La Prisonniere, is an earnest exploration of a decidedly perverse subject, sado-masochism, and not a mere exploitation of that subject for sensational purposes, as I had been led to believe. What is also surprising about the film is that, besides avoiding sensationalism, the film takes the mystery out of this "perversion". Illumination, not horror, has been achieved. Instead of revulsion at the material, we are left with a better understanding of it.

Gilbert (Bernard Fresson) and his mistress Jose(Elisabeth Wiener) are phenomenally successful Op-Artists, and remarkably casual lovers. She hardly seems surprised or angered when he goes to bed with a woman journalist who has been sent out to interview him. Love has long since vanished from their relationship, which has just about run dry; the pleasures of familiarity and security are what bolster their relationship. Loyalty is the best reason for staying together; they have little to offer each other, certainly not what the other needs. She edits cinema-verite interviews, while he churns out art "merchandise" for the local Op-Art gallery, or "supermarket," as its manager, Stan Hessler(Laurent Terzieff) calls it. Stan seems very businesslike, extremely self-confident. They can all cope with their public lives, hectic as they are. But that's all they can handle. At least two harbor secret, forbidden desires. Jose yearns inadmissably for the pleasures of male dominance, while Stan can always use more female victims for his sadistic games. She is attracted tohim by his secretive manner, the aura of mystery that surrounds him, his seeming self-assurance. But that debonair manner is but a shield against the terrors he feels besetting him.

Clouzot has made an intense, powerful film from the unfulfilled desires of these two, but he has consistently resisted the cruder possibilities in the material. There is little nudity in the film, and it certainly can not be called a "sexploitation" film, yet it's one of the most erotic films I've ever seen. In fact, it's one of the few really erotic films in quite a while.. In this time of increasing nudity on the screen, it should be clear that eroticism is not merely a function of exposed body parts. It has more to do lwith emotional relationships between man and woman. Clouzot seems to have grasped this. Jose eventually comes to visit Stan, where they act out various games of infatuation, maybe of love, mimed games of dominance and submission, during which each finds his inner fears breaking out in lies and evasions. He orders, and she submits, at first reluctantly, grudgingly, later cheerfully. These encounters

are emotionally honest, erotic, human. There are intermittent moments of joy, of revelation, of gratification. But not enough. They don't really connect with each other, the joy is short-lived, the games are always stopped far short; inevitally, I think. They enjoy their roles, but too much is missing from their relationship, in the way of trust of the other and of self-trust, of openness to each other, of honesty about themselves. She needs his domination, true; but she also needs his love, his trust in her intentions, and she needs to feel that he cares about her as a person, as well. He needs human contact, also; finding degradation, shame in erotic contact, he needs her reassurance that it is not so. He will not sully himself.

If nothing else, Clouzot has given us a remarkably compelling vision of the nature of sado-masochism; what a pity, therefore, that he has not given us more. Will their love-for they do come to love each other, in a way-be able to last? May be we can't expect Clouzot to give us answers, final or otherwise, but he could at least explore their situation. Once he presents us with the dilemma of these lovers he seems unable or unwilling to go further. They seek refuge at a beachside hotel, an emotional escape, maybe even a chance for their love to grow. She is eager, hopeful about their future. He realizes better than she the corruption of his nature, the weight of the past on his present. Here I think Clouzot cops out. Instead of exploring their relationship, giving them a chance to "work things out," he seeks a way out of the problem. Stan finds a letter she has written to a firend, telling of their love. Stung by this betrayal of his secrecy, his trust in her, he rushes off, leaving her alone in her room. This I consider the cheapest sort of plot manipulation. We move predictably on to Gilbert's discovery of their bizarre activities, her castigation of Gilbert and his "straight" attitudes (To a Victorian mind, this is a most bizarre situation!)i.e. "For you a woman is either a saint or a whore. You're as cut off in your way as Stan," Gilbert's final confrontation with Stan on the roof of Stan's house during which ensues a trite and fruitless discussion of normality vs. perversion, what is love?, and all that. Worst of all, a scene in which Jose tries unsuccessfully to commit suicide.

I'm willing to overlook any hokey significance that could be attributed to her crash-up, i.e. she is almost destroyed by society's intolerance of their perversion, straight attitudes are better, after all, etc. I'm not willing to forgive Clouzot for the phoney and, in context, ludicrously sentimental final scene in which Gilbert, mistaken for Stan by Jose, reassures her in a hospital bed of the beauty and strength of their relationship, the virtues of loyalty, and all that. This is no time for him to be kind to his wayward girl. It just isn't clear to me that "Everything will turn out all right," despite Gilbert's protestations to the contrary. The logic of the film runs in the opposite direction.Clouzot doesn't believe this himself; why should we?

The film falls short of success not only because Clouzot is unwilling to pursue these questions further, but because of a basic confusion in his viewpoint, his approach to his material. Is he trying to frighten us, or to enlighten us? There are mystery-thriller

elements in his methods, as well as straightforward exposition. For me, these elements worked at cross purposes. Why the suggestions of the bizarre, why such concern with these Op-Art surroundings, with glittering surfaces? There's not enough time for fooling around; the film needs compression, less flashy surface, more substance. The story line is regrettably predictable, too, not so much in fine point, but in over-all design. And, as hinted before, Clouzot is not above using cheap gimmicks for plot-manipulation purposes, to keep the story going.

Though not a complete success, the film does represent a breakthrough of sorts. The easing of restrictions on screen sexuality has been abused by too many, who seek to exploit and manipulate the public, titillating rather than satisfying valid desires for deeper understanding of sexual matters. This tendency can even be seen in so-called "art" films (Les Biches is a good current example.). Here is a film that seeks not to titillate us with surfaces, but to get underneath, to make us see the emotional complexities of this "perversion". In addition, Elisabeth Wiener and Laurent Terzieff are superlative in the central roles.

Co-oper (and SDS member) Mike Balter is seen here confronting one of four plainclothes policemen who were observing an SDS rally at UCLA, Feb 27, 1969.